The Effects of Astronomical Bodies on Imouto’s Local Solutions to Rankine–Hugoniot Equations.

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Abstract: We herein present a proof of the existence and smoothness of the Navier-Stokes equations via a new method of manipulating Calabi-Yau manifolds, which in turn leads us to a disproof by contradiction of the Collatz conjecture; four separate, independent proofs of the Jacobian conjecture; a complete decipherment of Linear A; a method of determining whether or not a book is worth reading based on its cover alone; and an entire new field of mathematics which we hereby name “Weird Calculus”. We completely and utterly fail to present any convincing arguments, but at least there’s some nice text art. We make no attempt to clarify anything in the field. Astute readers may notice the complete lack of content and coherence in this paper.

Keywords: Compressible flow, Von Kármán nose cone, Tarragon, Cowper’s gland, Benis, Japan, Parahistory, Censorship.
1. Introduction

GENTLEMEN, BEHOLD!

Your feeble minds may not want to confront the truths offered in this paper. You may instinctively consider it "bullshit," "racist," or even "incoherent gibberish." But we urge you to keep an open mind. The secrets contained in this paper have the potential to recalibrate your life, if not all of post-industrial society. The first section (pages 4 through 309) details the efforts undertaken in order to achieve a high score in the popular video game for the PlayStation games console, Pepsiman. The second is aimed at answering a question that has plagued physicists for decades: how come He-man don’t want me, man? There are also 19 scat jokes hidden on every page, try to find them all! If you get bored, the back pages (appendix 3) contains a word search, dot-to-dot, and a completely accurate tax return to fill in.

Please direct any questions, comments, or complaints to:
Aima Bigge Phatbutte, Esq.
420 Blazing Dr.
Taumatawhakatangihangakoauauotamateaturipukakapikimaungahauowhitwhotrewhaopokaiwhenuakitanatahu,
New Zealand

2. Gucci gang, Gucci gang, Gucci gang, Gucci gang (Gucci gang)

Gucci gang, Gucci gang, Gucci gang, Gucci gang (Gucci gang)
Gucci gang, Gucci gang, Gucci gang, Gucci gang (Gucci gang)
Spend three racks on a new chain (yuh)
My bitch love do cocaine, ooh (ooh)
I fuck a bitch, I forgot her name (brr, yuh)
I can’t buy no bitch no wedding ring (ooh (nope)
Rather go and buy Balmins (brr)
Gucci gang, Gucci gang, Gucci gang (Gucci gang)
Gucci gang, Gucci gang, Gucci gang, Gucci gang (Gucci gang)
Gucci gang, Gucci gang, Gucci gang (Gucci gang)
Spend three racks on a new chain (huh?)

My bitch love do cocaine, ooh (brr)
I fuck a bitch, I forgot her name, yuh (yuh, yuh)
I can’t buy no bitch no wedding ring, ooh (nope)
Rather go and buy Balmins, ayy (brr)
Gucci gang, Gucci gang, Gucci gang (Gucci gang)

Save that for the follow up paper, it’s beyond the scope of this research.

2.1.

While the butterflies form a monophyletic group, the moths, comprising the rest of the Lepidoptera, do not. Many attempts have been made to group the superfamilies of the Lepidoptera into natural groups, most of which fail because one of the two groups is not monophyletic: Microlepidoptera and Macrolepidoptera, Heterocera and Rhopalocera, Jugatae and Frenatae, Monotrysia and Ditrysia.[2]

Although the rules for distinguishing moths from butterflies are not well established, one very good guiding principle is that butterflies have thin antennae and (with the exception of the family Hedyliidae) have small balls or clubs at the end of their antennae. Moth antennae are usually feathery with no ball on the end. The divisions are named by this principle: "club-antennae" (Rhopalocera) or "varied-antennae" (Heterocera).

2.2.

Typically European "home" internet videos have tried to imitate the calm, sober style of news reports on European television; at worst they tend to be somewhat shaky handcam footage without narration. Only recently has the "American" trend of "youtuber"-style videos become more common.

Editor’s note: That’s actually what they say right in the paper. We didn’t put that in.
In the early 1980s, Arthur T. Murray wrote a shitty Markov chain in Forth, and immediately realized that he was the greatest AI researcher and philosopher in history. In his great modesty, he decided that every human being on the earth needed to know about his revolutionary theory. Unfortunately, at the time, he was limited by how fast he could write and mail letters. However, with the dawn of the internet, he was finally able to reach an audience of millions. Of course, no one has ever, or ever will care about his mentifex project, but he can be credited with probably the first use of the word “meme” in its modern connotation.

3. Under the moon loli to issho.

If the anime of the book was good, the cover is supposed to have a sticker saying so, and if you espy this it is therefore worth reading for extra detail. Otherwise, there was not enough for infallible kantoku-san to go on and in shame the publisher is forced to recoup the losses from the wallets of the charitable.

Before we go any further I’d just like to remind you to go ahead and like and subscribe to stay up-to-date with quality content like this paper. I’d also like to thank our friends at Geico for helping us make this research possible. Anyway, hit that notification bell and let’s continue on!

I can feel it coming in the air tonight, O Lord.
And I’ve been waiting for this moment for all my life, O Lord.

-Genesis 17:13

Nothing can be without flaw. The superstructure is riddled with cracks.

The subject, a female of nine years, responded to pain in a curious way. Rather than cry out, she laughed and danced. The greater the pain, the more frantic the dance. After we detected high radiation levels from these frantic dances, we aborted the experiment.

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Imagine sitting around for a month shooting at Tall-striders and raptors until you hit 20. MMORPGs are a terrible setting for your fantasy story because MMORPGs are boring and lack diversity, imagine if JRR Tolkien has said “and then they spent a week grinding the same model and texture ork on a mostly flat plane with some mountains they can clip up until they were high enough level to enter the raid that would be the next four months until every guild member had all the best gear.”

HEY HEY HEY *trap airhorns*
Smoke weed every day.
So say Brother Nathan.

4. Hiding my view of winter’s new raiment: zoomed-out Lalafell at night

It is extremely rare to find out a 3D girl with an acceptable breast size. When they are big enough, they are saggy and almost always are products of lard. They also tend to give the girl some back problems. An anime girl can have breasts that are big and firm, and still have a healthy tummy and a healthy back. A 3D girl will never have all of this, making them even more envious of the 2D version (see the first point). That’s true to all of their proportions, from the eyes to the hips.

3D girls are stuck with very boring possibilities of hairstyles, hair color eye colors and eye formats. 2D anime girls however can have basically any color of eyes and hair possible, and a huge variety of shapes and sizes for both. When they choose the superior waist-long hair, they don’t need to take care so
much of it, or feel so hot during summer nights.

4.1. Chaos the Misunderstood

Seeing Chaos as a moe-anime harem brought me, one day, to craft a moe tarot, a all-female tarot representing all the arcana patterns that would represent personalities of Ėris. I crafted it first as a pure brainstorming tool. After all, the need of knowing about the future is due to our own lack of tolerance as our ordered lives face Chaos. We fear the life in pink, like Oreki fears Chitanda. As we try to order our society to be perfect. And it’s an error, as perfection does not exist. Let’s imagine an ideal society, where Good has triumphed over Evil which does not exist anywhere anymore. In this society, the emotions that make us care for people and protect them will disappear, as they do not have problems and are not in any danger anymore. That society would become pure law, people will willfully become robots and we will lose sentience that characterizes ourselves, as it will lack the stimuli (problems to solve) and opposition (debate) necessary for it to function and grow. So we would join the Nothing, as we would miss God in our trajectory to Him by some sort of philosophical Coriolis effect. I love Coriolis effects. So it will be one day necessary to nurture irrationality and Evil to nourish our emotions and preserve the sense of Good and correct our trajectory to God. And it would be impossible to do it in a purely conscious manner as our consciousness will be always bearing towards light and all that is Good. So we will have to invent something, a non-sentient machine using solar radiation-based random number generator, that would tinker with our thoughts to break the psyche of a select but random few (in a certain limit, to not destabilize the entire civilization), to make Evil come back in an insidious manner. So there would always be problems to solve in society, always an Evil to vanquish, always debates between egoist individualists and altruist collectivists. Ėris Discordia’s doctrine inspired me a lot to write that: our Father Cosmos is sympathetic and give shape to things, but without Ėris our Mother Chaos, he would never have a Son and would stay desperately

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sterile. It’s the duality of Yin and Yang! And since the world is a microcosm of yourself, it will be the same for your mind. Reflect on sins in your life. There is no possible manner you could always resist them. There are moments you would have been able to resist them and others not. Capital sins are called like this because they climb up to one’s head (Capital coming from the Latin capita, head). In a Judeo-Christian point of view, it is good to accept God in your life, but Satan also has a place in it. If you abstain yourself from sinning, you will be forced to do so later. We can conclude that if you willfully decide to sin at a place and time where it is proper and harmless to others, you won’t have to be forced to do so at an inappropriate time and place later, which would have worse consequences on others’ well-being and way to God. In exemple, masturbate every day, so that you won’t rape an innocent friend tomorrow. True freedom lies in balancing your own sins. When a sin gains in strength, it will easily take control from you, but when several sins are vying for that control, you will stay the master of yourself! And totally losing control of yourself will place you in the figurative arms of an idea of fatality that may spell the end of your immortality. Instead of opposing a pure Paradise and a rotten Hell fighting each other and cover the vales of your thoughts with an infinite battlefield, create black and white gardens, Grey Gardens where your inner angels and demons live in harmony and peace. Those voices inside you will grow wise! But this, society didn’t realize it in time, and it’s why the Machine of the System has been built.

The shiny, smooth surfaced Roman helmets in modern productions and reenactments are deemed unconvincing given what we know about the mostly by-hand methods and production economy of Iron Age metalworking[1], and noting that these articles should see wear and tear from actual use in duty.

[1] Some scholars[citation needed] suppose "in a mirror darkly" may be meant less abstractly than it sounds to moderns, a matter-of-fact allusion to how mirrors in those times were ultimately polished metal, so not particularly good. Likewise, in the imagination of ancient audiences, Perseus might not have "seen" Medusa very clearly in his shield( as divinely polished as it might have been), so much as a blurry presence.

Scott Pilgrim went on to kill most of the population of Jamestown somewhere near the end of the 17th century.

If anybody is reading this, please send help. They are forcing me to write this inane academic paper. They are threatening to eat my beloved collection of succulents.

4.2. Artistic incorporation and accusations of plagiarism
Sterne incorporated into Tristram Shandy many passages taken almost word for word from Robert Burton’s The Anatomy of Melancholy, Francis Bacon’s Of Death, Rabelais and many more, and rearranged them to serve the new meaning intended in Tristram Shandy.[4] Tristram Shandy was highly praised for its originality, and nobody noticed these borrowings until years after Sterne’s death. The first to note them was physician and poet John Ferriar, who did not see them negatively and commented:[4][5]

If [the reader’s] opinion of Sterne’s learning and originality be lessened by the perusal, he must, at least, admire the dexterity and the good taste with which he has incorporated in his work so many pas-
sages, written with very different views by their respective authors.

Victorian critics of the 19th century, who were hostile to Sterne for the alleged obscenity of his prose, used Ferriar's findings to defame Sterne, and claimed that he was artistically dishonest, and almost unanimously accused him of mindless plagiarism.[4] Scholar Graham Petrie closely analysed the alleged passages in 1970; he observed that while more recent commentators now agree that Sterne "rearranged what he took to make it more humorous, or more sentimental, or more rhythmical", none of them "seems to have wondered whether Sterne had any further, more purely artistic, purpose". Studying a passage in Volume V, chapter 3, Petrie observes: "such passage...reveals that Sterne's copying was far from purely mechanical, and that his rearrangements go far beyond what would be necessary for merely stylistic ends".[4]

From Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia

4.3. Hey, listen to me for a moment, a'ight?
I don't care if it's not related to this research paper. Just listen!

Yesterday, I went over to Yoshinoya for a simple meal. Yes, THAT beef bowl house, Yoshinoya. But the whole restaurant was so crowded, I couldn't even find a seat for hours! Then I saw a poster that said "Special offer! 150 yen discount". I thought to myself... geez, that's so fucking amazing. You guys don't even normally visit Yoshinoya. All you bastards came here just for that stupid-assed 150 yen discount. Just for that 150 yen. ONE FREAKIN' FIFTY YEN!!

Then I saw some parents & children. A family of four eating out at Yoshinoya. Damn, so much for that bitch's home-cooked family feast. Then one of the little brats said "Daddy's gonna order a large beef bowl". I couldn't believe it! Uuuumggh, are you out of your fucking mind!? Shiiiiit, i'll pay you
150 yen just to move your stanky fat-ass out of a seat. Dude, you just don’t go to Yoshinoya for that lala-oh-i’m-so-happy dinner bullshit. It’s where you pick a fist-fight with the fucking guy sitting across ‘yah in that U-shaped table. Kill or be killed. Heh... now that’s the kinda shit I like. Ladies, kids, stand back... ’cuz everything’s gonna get FUCKED UP NOW.

After waiting for ages, I finally found an empty seat. But then, the guy next to me ordered by saying "A large beef bowl with a LOTTA’ gravy". Dude, that just pissed me off even more. Shit, you just don’t say "lotta’ gravy" nowadays, ya’ freaking bastard.

How the fuck can you say "lotta’ gravy" with that "oh, i’m so fucking cool, hur-hur-hur..." look!?? Damn, I was THIS CLOSE to standing in front of his face and yelling "DO YOU EVEN LIKE EATING THAT MUCH FUCKIN’ GRAVY!?" For a freaking hour, I was THIS CLOSE to doing that. Shit, I bet you just wanted to use the words "lotta’ gravy" out loud. Wow, you’re so clever.

Dude, you gotta be like ME. See, now I know what’s "all that" in Yoshinoya. What’s cool right now to say is "Negi-daku". That’s it! You see now, a large beef bowl with a lotta onions & an egg is what the hardcore Yoshinoya freaks eat. Like ME. Saying "Negi-daku" means that you get less meat, but they put a WHOLE MESS of onions. Mmmmm... a large beef bowl with onions & an egg is what I call a meal. But anywho... ordering that is kinda’ like a double-edged sword. Cuz’ then the waiters might notice you the next time you come by. So yeah, I can’t recommend this to noobs. For you, just go order a beef and salmon combo. That’s as far as you can go, you know what i’m sayin’?

Now listen to the story, I got to tell, about three bad brothers ya know so well.

5. Conclusion

Just as No. 3 port gun was being elevated, someone cried out, ‘I see something that looks like a white flag’; and true enough there was something flying on the steamer that would have been white by application of soap and water. As she neared us, we looked in vain for the face of a white man. When they discovered that we would not fire on them, there was a rush of contrabands out on her deck, some dancing, some singing, whistling, jumping; and others stood looking towards Fort Sumter, and muttering all sorts of maledictions against it, and 'de heart of de Souf,' generally. As the steamer came near, and under the stern of the Onward, one of the Colored men stepped forward, and taking off his hat, shouted, 'Good morning, sir! I've brought you some of the old United States guns, sir!'

That man's name? Albert Einstein.

In other news, an international committee has issued a statement condemning the research of DQN University as “unethical”, “unscientific” and “horrifying”. The United Nat...

I really like stuffing my mouth full of dirt. Soil. Cold and damp. Squeeze my cheeks against the coarse grains. Swish it around in my mouth a bit. Spit it back out. Rinse my mouth out with a pina colada and pinch my nipples. I do this every Friday, in the forest. The best time is when it has rained about three days before. Otherwise the soil is too dry or moist.

In the dark early hours of Christmas day, King stands outside in the snow, watching through a win-

https://www.wolframalpha.com/input/?i=convert+420+DQN+to+emus
dow as children in an orphanage building celebrate Christmas with an orphanage worker. Shamed by his loss in the tournament, King shakes his head and walks away, leaving behind a pile of presents for the children. The children King had been watching then run from the building, and run over to greet him. As the children jump joyously around him, King raises his head in happiness

References

My Mom

Jesus


